## THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

pelled to Wait for a Train

A Dissertation on Depots, Also Some Aston-

ishing Facts Showing

HOW RURAL RAILWAYS ARE MANAGED

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.)

to think, and enjoy themselves just as well

as if they were out in the grand old woods,

or contempt upon him.

pelled, at sundry

times and in divers

places, to spend a

good many hours in

country railway

stations. It was not

my fault, but my

misfortune, and dire

necessity drove me

to it. I know there

are people, for I

have seen them,

who have such a

natural aptitude for

resting that they

can sit patiently in

a dingy waiting

room, pretending

BILL NYE ARRESTED

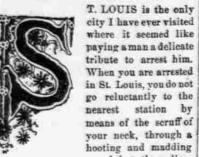
With All the Ceremony Incidental to St. Louis Police Regulations.

THE TWO-HEADED COMBINATION

Encountered by William and Poet Riley on the Banks of the Mississippi.

THE TRAGEDY OF A PAIR OF TROUSERS

[WRITTEN POR THE DISPATCH.]



paying a man a delicate tribute to arrest him. When you are arrested in St. Louis, you do not go reluctantly to the nearest station by means of the scruff of your neck, through a hooting and madding crowd, but the policeman who has arrested you, sends in a signal

from the nearest box and directly, as the English put it, or right away, as the American has it, a beautiful silver-mounted droska, or Rise-np-William-Riley-and-comealong-with-me phaeton, drawn by gaily caparisoned and neighing steeds dashes up to the curb, driven by an Olive street gondolier. You bound lightly into the beautifully flecked chariot, a tiny silver gong about the size of a railroad timetable, tinkles gaily, and away you go arousing the envy and admiration of those who have one head is a Methodist and the other a never been under arrest. But how, asks the keen and pungent

reader, can St. Louis afford to do this while in a city like New York, the criminal must either walk to the station house or forego the joys of arrest entirely? The answer is simple. Here the criminal pays \$6 50 for an arrest which he used to get at \$3. This pays his droska hire and makes his arrest something to look back to with pleasure. People who yield to the police and become arrested from time to time, do not care for the expense. Mostly they refer the expense to a place which should be alluded to very sparingly in a Sunday paper. And so \$3 50 don't bother them at all. They pay it if they have it, and then if they do not, an opportunity is given them to earn it later on, at some sort of skilled labor like pounding sand. This makes the arrest an ornament to the city and the gentlemanly crimpalor misdemeanor obligato pays for it, thus nal or misdemeanor obligato pays for it, thus contributing to his own comfort and making



his arrest an ovation and a delicate tribute to himself which the papers can use and which will read well on a scrap book when lorked over to future generations.

St. Louis points with pride to her police system and methods of arrest. A New York man who comes to St. Louis and gets arrested, is treated just as well as if he had been born here, where a St. Louis man who

goes to New York, when arrested, is at once looked upon with suspicion.

The people of St. Louis love to compare their police and arrest system with those of other cities, and to speak of Chicago with quiet scorn. They love to point with par-donable pride to their five Mayors, neither one of whom dared for some time to leave town for fear one of the others would be sole Mayor when he got back. They also speak with some acrimony of an old-time Chicago Justice of the Peace who used to have his shrine over a gilded hell. He had a deaf and dumb waiter built in back of the bench, also a speaking tube, by means of which he could refer difficult points of law to a low-browed chemist in his shirt sleeves downstairs and so, as we say on the Rue de Bow ery, he would ever and anon "roll the rock. and it fell out that in his court justice was not only blind, but she had a bad hiccough as the day wore on, while now and then the hoarse overruling power of the Justice mingled its accents with the whistle of the speaking tube and the low moan of the tip-

less dumb waiter.
Thus it happened that in the records of the office, the stenographer has erroneously embodied in the Justice's rulings such irrelevant remarks as "another hot whiskee for of the court which have been used in Chi-cago and other cities as precedents in cases of like character, to the great elevation of

the bench and bar.

He was a Justice who introduced into his administration a style of fine which has been frequently adopted by young and struggling Justices of the Peace elsewhere. For instance, two offenders are up before him for assault and battery or something of that kind, and the court is trying to discover which is the offending party. hearing the testimony and overruling most of it, referring meanwhile from time t time to his tin source of information, he looks up at the ventilator and says: "The court finds you guilty and assesses you tin dollars and trimmins, together with the re-mark that you will stand committed until

Mr. Riley and I played here against Mile. Christine, the two-headed nightingale. She is touring over the country this season accompanied by herself. A man who owns a lunch counter in Illinois, is a hopeless lunatic because he could not de-cide whether to charge her for one meal or two. Her success has certainly been most remarkable. Starting out as she did, under the most adverse circumstances, not know-ing for two or three years whether to regard herself as an anamoly or twins, she has a wonderfully placid career. Now she is shown wherever the English language is spoken. She is of African descent and as black as the dence of spades. I say the dence, because the owner, also the leg and waist measurement, ace of spades is very rarely black, as I am informed, also because in her case a comparison with the two spot, would be more

appropriate anyway.

What I like about Mile. Christine more especially is her harmonious disposition. Had she been otherwise, it would have been rand she been otherwise, it would have been fatal to her success. A two-headed girl relies very much on the friendly feeling existing between her two sets of heads for her popularity. Should either head fall out with the other, neither would succeed. So it will not do for one to be jealous of the success of the other, when one head sings soprano and is encored, and if the other head gets hot and wants to quit, it worries success of the other, when one head sings soprano and is encored, and if the other head gets hot and wants to quit, it worries the management and breaks up the show.

Dr. W. R. Gillies, Winnipeg, Manitoba, says: "I have need it in a typical case of indigestion with billiousness, and found it to be, without exception, the best thing I ever used in such cases."

No two-headed girl can succeed when the relations are strained. Supposing that the soprano desired to est onions for supper in order to improve her voice, of course the alto has a right, owning a half interest in the same stomach, to object, provided that the nut brown flavor of onions is distasteful to her; and yet these two people get along together, as they have for years, without any bickerings at all and still under the

ame management. Supposing again that the soprano is sleepy after a prolonged matinee and evening per-formance, answering repeated encores; she



therefore desires to go to sleep at once, while the alto, who has had no encores to answer,

would like to have the gas burning and read

One can readily see that in an ordinary musical combination this would break up the show in five minutes, but it is not so Baptist, there is no religious fight between the two, and the alto even went down and allowed herself to be baptized through a hole in the ice rather than have trouble with the Baptist soprano. Is this not truly a spirit of sacrifice? That is not all. The Baptist head fully believes that the Meth-odist has said and done things which eter-nal punishment is too good for and yet, rather than have trouble and break up a prosperous business, she doesn't insist on it. Then again, the two disagree vastly as to the resurrection of the body and also as to which one is entitled to the partnership body, there being, of course, legs enough to go round, but they do not wrangle about it as some theologians would. They agree to accept the situation whatever it may be, and

wash goods. The train is supported by folds of wiggin and connects with all folds of wiggin and connects with all points east, west, north and south. A large cameo made to resemble a fried egg, depends from a delicate chain about the neck. The dress is worn decollette. I asked the alto what her opinion was of the style of dress as a feature of the approaching administration. She said, of course it could be made more or less of a feature, according to the taste and good judgment of the wearer, but she did not favor it as an extremeist. She said that where the whole company could be regarded as ladies and gentlemen, there could be no as ladies and gentlemen, there could be no objection to the custom. Those who were a little doubtful about themselves and

afraid they lacked some of the essential elements necessary to civilization, could avoid all trouble by remaining at home. This is not her exact language, for I have edited it a little myself in order to give it that polish which characterizes all my work. Miss Christine says that whether the new administration encourages the decollette dress at Washington or introduces a fur collar and yarn mittens, she will still cling to the old custom. She says that if the English lady with two yards of throat can saw off two or three dollars worth of goods from the top of her dress with impunity, the hardy American girl who drives a reaper and husks corn in our rough climate, ought to be able to put in a few weeks at Washington in full dress. I have always said that a true lady will not seek to escape entirely through the top of her costume, but a pleasant sweep of undulating neck and round, well molded

arms, adds to the general beauty of the scene from an artistic standpoint. Those who go into a sculptor's studio, half afraid "We are coming, Father Abraham, three hun-dred thousand more," that they will be raided by the police, would naturally denounce the decollete dress and they are right about it, too. They know their own hearts pretty well and are evi-dently afraid that the authorities will also

On board a steamboat the other evening a strange thing occurred. It has nothing to do with anything else and I do not put it in here in order to teach a valuable lesson. It is just a simple unchronicled fact.

find out about it.

A shy young man decided to abandon a venerable pair of trousers to its fate, having just secured a new pair as he went on the boat. So he said to himself, I will just drop them out of my cabin window into the re-morseless tide and all will be buried in the great, calm bosom of the old parent of waters. He rolled them up carefully and



ollars and trimmins, we can be committed and the whole thing is fully paid."

Then one of the men says timidly, "But, your Honor, I have no money." "Sit down! sit down, you red-eyed study of rum," says the Court, "and shut up your chaotic face. I'm talkin' to the other man!"

A here against here against here against here against when the count with a sour property of the waves, like a man stooping over to peer down into the depths of the tide. A nervous woman about midships, heard the impact of the abandoned pantaloons and looking down with a shudder, said, "Me Gawd, a human being has went should be a should be said, "Me Gawd, a human being has went to his account." She then became the au-thor of a loud yelp and all hands rushed to the guards with the cry of "Man overboard," that awful cry which once heard can never be forgotten. An hundred hands, with boat hooks and catfish openers, ran to the lower decks, and amid the cries of women and the quick drawn breath of pale men, a tall roustabout jabbed the drowning man in the vitals with a jabber, and, while fainting pasowner, also the leg and waist measurement, together with the name of a St. Louis tailor. Then they began to bunt over the boat and in the dregs of the river for the man who had occupied the trousers aforetime, and that shy young man's name was in every mouth and he didn't dare to come down for his breakfast, and his jet black mustache, which could be distinctly seen when he left St. Louis, from very fright turned around and went back again.

BILL NYE.

FOR BILIOUSNESS Use Horsford's Acid Phosphu A RUNAWAY PEGASUS.

Gail Hamilton Proceeds to Tell in Her Own Bright Way What

SHE THINKS OF CULTURED CANT.

How Prof. Norton Poured Treacle Over George William Curtis.

THE UNDAUNTED WARRIOR EDITOR

[WEITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]



E have in this country no National Academy to teach us the meaning, the use and the weight of words. It becomes us, therefore, to study such models as we have. When any man from our highest, though

provincial, seats of learning, unbends to the popular ear it would be the wantonness of gnorance not to listen. The words of scholarly culture, guided by a sensitive conscience, must convey a lesson of accuracy and fitness even to the reckless and vulgar newspaper writer who is not wholly dead in trespasses and sins.

And yet the most humble and careful scrutiny suggests to a barbarian that in presenting certain eminent fellow-citizens to an audience of eminently respectable fellowcitizens not long ago, Prof. Charles Eliot Norton poured a more abundant treacle than the restraints of severe taste would permit. Even Dr. Holmes, whose wit and wisdom are the pride of one nation and the pleasure of two, must have felt a nervous shiver at seeing himself summarily endowed with 'all the pent-up wit and humor and fancy of 200 years." But it was only when Mr. George William Curtis' turn came that Prot. Norton threw severe taste to the winds and found nothing too sweet for his libation. It is as if, with a love passing the love of woman, he meant to comfort his friend for the buffets of political antagonism by lavishng upon him each hoarded syrup from the ouffet of his rhetorical lore.

A LUDICROUS ANTI-CLIMAX. Wreathing the blushing brows of Mr. Curtis with "delicate literary sensibilities," with a "facility of exquisite expression," with "sweet and tender sentiment," the professor was not only tender but true, yet his words gave so much of a feminine cast to the gentleman's genius that one is irrestibly reminded of an old-time characterization of him from virile lips that will speak no more. But when, lashing himself up historic heights, the eloquent professor heard a "call stronger than pure literature to the heart of the youth, the voice of his country's trumpet calling her sons to the defense of all that made America dear to touch gently the oratoric arm or to cry fire, or to bring any kind of a beast caught in any kind of a thicket, for substitute in sacrifice? At least it may comfort him to know that he had a hearty sympathizer in Mr. Frederic Harrison. "The very silliest cant of the day," says that gentleman, impatiently, "is cant about culture. The man of culture in politics is one of the poorest creatures alive." It is not an American Congressman who says this; it is an English scholar. In apt justification of such judgment, the lucid eye of culture sees an example of self-devotion more potent than words in the exchange of a thousand, in the exchange of one newspaper for another news-Wreathing the blushing brows of Mr. remembering that the youth was 36 years old at the time of the call, had turned the corner where poets pause and sing-

"Oh! weary heart, thou'rt half way home;" and in spite of reverence for classical au-thority one was forced to think that in designating and impersonating youthful-ness as the salient trait of that age, the professor had not twined his bays with lit-erary felicity. He undoubtedly had in mind the Emersonian note—

"When duty whispers low 'thou must'— The youth replies, 'I can,'" afford to stop the music for anything so trivial as a middle-aged statistic.

"Leaving the closet," continues the aroused professor, "he stepped forth on the —platform." There is nothing wrong about this, yet archangels cannot prevent a sense of anti-climax. We may admit and pro-claim that the platform is as influential, as important, nay, even as imperative a place as the battlefield; but the human mind is so constituted that when a trumpet calls her sons to their country's defense, we instantly imagine it to be defense against war's attack, and we cannot wrench ourselves upon a perfectly safe peace platform without a stich in the back of our heroics. When the boys in blue rang out—

there was an instant concensus of popular opinion that they were coming to fight and not to lecture. There is everything graceful in Mr. Curtis' attitude as a platform speaker, but something is surely left to be desired i an announcement so arranged that we are led up to a disappointment which hovers on the verge of the absurd instead of being stimulated or even abandoned to enthusiasm.

INVIDIOUS ADULATION. Having hoisted his well-matured Youth o the platform, Prof. Norton proceeds, in a fashion that savors of the market place rather than the college, to hew down other men for his Youth to stand on, to "rouse the dull conscience, the sluggish energies, the lagging resolve of his fellows."

This is not Mr. Curtis' fault, and he must have received this rather invidious adulahave received this rather invidious adula-tion with poignant regret. No one knows better than he that the same trumpet call which summoned him roused also the con-science, the energies, the resolve of his countrymen. It would be wicked to de-tract in the smallest degree from the patriot-ism or the efficiency of Mr. Curtis course during the war. Is it other than wicked to detect from the patriotism and efficiency detract from the patriotism and efficiency of his less gifted and less famous countrymen, the unnamed rank and file, who loved their land to the point of last sacrifice? Knowing, as Mr. Curtis knows, that he spoke to a roused and resolute nation, whose loyal flame was of no man's kindling, he loyal flame was or no man's kindling, he deserves commiseration, as a brave sailor might who, working manfully with the crew and passengers to keep the endangered ship afloat, should afterward find himself singled out and celebrated as having created the winds and currents that, rightly availed of by all, had carried them safe to port. The quips and cranks of the lawless newspapers do not permit a belle to assent to any other woman's beauty, but we little expect the high culture of liberal learning to adopt so

illiberal a principle.

Warming with his words, Prof. Norton leaves the green pastures, wherein it must be admitted he has been prancing rather freakishly, and vaults into the circus ring with the agility of a circus rider, dis-guised under the grotesqueness of the

his words. Here was the man of mere let-ters flinging himself into the thick of the contest of men. In himself he amply re-pelled the charge that ideal pursuits unfit their high followers for practical counsel and action." and action."
Surely Mr. Curtis had the right to protest that "an enemy hath done this." His own modesty would never have permitted him to claim that he was a man of letters or that he was engaged in ideal pursuits. Neither he was engaged in ideal pursuits. Neither by education nor avocation would he be likely to make such pretense. But if Prof. Norton were not indulging in a most ill-timed and unbecoming sarcasm at the ex-pense of a friend, what must be thought of his standard of "letters" and "high ideals?"

"His example was even more potent than

A MAN OF LETTERS. No stress need be laid on the college curriculum, for the deepest and widest erudiriculum, for the deepest and widest erudition does not always emanate from the college campus. But what is it that, in the
eyes of the highest culture, constitutes a
man of letters? What is the classic notion of
ideal pursuits? Is it "Prue and I?" Does
"Caroline Pettitoes" crown the man of letters? Does dancing attendance on Mrs.
Potiphar unfit her high follower for real
life? The Youth had written various Nile
notes, plucked many wayside flowersOFF THE MAIN LINE.

PITTSBURG, SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 3,

charming, but denoting no erudition above the level of the dhabeyah. A series of letters from various watering places had en livened the columns of the metropolitan press. Unquestionably a good newspaper correspondent is a public as well as a private henefit, but is he what Cambridge and Oxford mean by a man of letters? The newspaper correspondents themselves show newspaper correspondents themselves show a more real culture than Prof. Norton when they disdain the name of "journalists" as too pretentious, and insist on calling them

selves "newspaper men."

I do not know what share Mr. Curtis may have had in writing Putnam's Monthly to have had in writing Putnam's Montaly to death. History only says cuphuistically that his connection with that periodical "lasted till it virtually ceased to exist." In 1853 Mr. Curtis lectured on the Lyceum platforms with great acceptance. In 1856 he did good service as a Republican campaign orator. In 1858 he addressed his countrymen as an advocate of woman's rights. Un men as an advocate of woman's rights. Under scrutiny it seems, then, that the "ideal pursuits," the "high following" of the learned Professor are society sketches, bits of trayel, woman's rights, lectures, stump speeches! The Youth who elicited Prof. Norton's almost convulsive admiration, by leaving his closet and flinging himself into the thick of the contest of men at his country's call, had been leaving his closet periodically and flinging himself into the contest ically and flinging himself into the contest of men and, worse than that, of women, at the call of twenty-five or a hundred or so dollars a period for a half dozen or more years! In all this is nothing reprehensible—nothing otherwise than meritorious. Is it meritorious, is it not rather reprehensible, that a high priest of culture, a leader of thought and taste, should, even under the exigencies of partisan politics, so far forget his own high calling as to ridicule the legitimate and successful attempts of an honest man to earn an honest living by daubing it all over with the untempered mortar of an unchastened imagination-called in vulgate, "clap-trap?"

A RUNAWAY PEGASUS. But Prof. Norton's Pegasus, having taken the bits in his mouth, rushed across the arena like any mustang of the Wild West. Not content with general terms, "mere let-ters," "ideal pursuits," the ambitious orator proceeded to file a bill of particulars and in development of the true martyr spirit pre-sented his Youth "giving up the writing of delightful books with their thousand readers for the writing of articles for the newspaper with its hundred thousand?"

This is less a giving up than a giving away. If there were ever martyrdom it must have been when the harrow of this new and unusual cruelty was dragged over Mr. Curtis' delicate literary sensibilities, though he could give no sign. But had he not a friend near to touch gently the oratoric arm or to cry fire, or to bring any kind of a beast caught in any kind of a thicket, for substitute in sperifice? At least it was composited. change of one newspaper for another news-paper, in the prompt relinquishment of a

capricious wage for a certain salary ten times as large! Very few indeed are the men of mere letters, of ideal pursuits, youths or adults, who laid themselves on the altar of their country in such lordly fashion; very few to whom their country's triumph blared out any such call as that. So much gain, however, comes to the present political discussion, in that we know now what a Harvard Professor, a high follower of ideal pursuits, means by self-sucrificing patriotism; and certainly it is as like that other wellpropriation," as my fingers to my fingers.

No. Mr. Curtis had to endure to the
bitter end. The long-time peaceful
Christian teacher was now fully possessed of the military idea and refused to disband. He had tasted blood and would not let go his hold. His unhappy and entirely unmilitary victim anon appears in its recking rhetoric, "turning his pen handle into a flagstaff and his sheet into a banner; with

press. UNFLINCHING HEROISM.

this standard he led the host of the loyal

There are no vagaries which a man of peace may not suffer when he becomes a man of war. We cannot doubt Prof. Norton's sincerity. He talks venison in full asthough he was sodding pottage all the time. The danger is that we shall forget how

The danger is that we shall forget how really good was the pottage, if culture insists on turning the cook into a mighty hunter before the Lord.

"Undaunted in defeat, never discouraged, confident in final victory, he led the advanced post"—again the cat! of the printing house in Franklin Square—"gave confidence to our armies in the field and nerved with his screne courage the faint hearts at home."

This is magnificent, and this is war. Not indeed the war fought out by Grant and Sherman and Sheridan and Thomas and the boys in blue, but war according to Norton's tactics. Culture has said it, and we must re-read our histories and learn that it was Commander-in-Chief Curtis, with his headquarters in a saddle of Staten Island mutton, who kept the enemy at bay. It was the warrior-editor, Curtis, panoplied in United States Mail—and Adams Express—loftily States Mail—and Adams Express—loftily waving to the printer's devil his banner proofsheet on the boldly upreared flagstaff of his gutta-percha penhandle, who lead our embattled hosts to victory. A gallant Youth indeed, never to be discouraged on the top wave of a great salary rolling into his sanctum, undaunted by the slaughter of the Wilderness, nerved to a serener courage by the advance on Gettivabure and fortified by the advance on Gettysburg, and fortified in steadiast resolve never to desert the Franklin Square advanced post, 500 miles in the rear-front of the foe!

Yet surely it required a stronger nerve, a more unflinching resolve, to sit calm and smiling while a ferocious friend was thus hacking away at his heroism and his humor. "Nor," resumed the indefatigable eulo-gist when this cruel war was over, "did he retire wearied from the service of his counretire wearied from the service of his country!" Why should he? There are few positions in which the country pays higher wages for service rendered. As a Senator or Representative in Congress, as an army officer in most of the grades, as a Supreme Court Judge, Mr. Curtis might have been a high but sould not have been as high as high, but could not have been as high-priced a follower of patriotism as while wearing the crown of martyrdon in Print-

ing House square.

That it has been in some respects a crown of martyrdom I do not deny. That it must have been a crown of martyrdom I shall, indeed, attempt to show. But it was not pressed upon willing, if weary brows, or accepted from lofty self-abnegation in our country's service. It was rather the melandal and insuffable wealth of correspondent. choly and inevitable result of over-close clinging to a harp of 10,000 strings in the too exigent service of the guild of harpers. GAIL HAMILTON

Combustible Architecture

Edward Atkinson in the Century.] "Strange to say, some of the worst exam-ples of combustible architecture are to be found among our prisons, hospitals, asylums, and almshouses; next, among college buildings, libraries, and schoolhouses; to these may be added churches, hotels, and theaters. In the year 1887, according to the tables compiled by the Chronicle of New York, there were burned within the limits of the United States—45 hospitals, asylums, almahouses, or jails, being nearly four per month, in many cases accompanied by the loss of a large number of lives; 126 college buildings and libraries, being 10½ per month: 146 churches, being 2 8-10 per week; 52 theaters and Opera Houses, being 1 per week; 55 hotels, being 1 4-10 per day. may be added churches, hotels, and thea-

car and a locomotive, and running from some junction back to some ambitious vil-lage from five to nine miles distant. I know of one road, with a name fully as euphonious as any of these, which is but seven miles long and owns but one locomotive and one passenger car besides the proverbial "two streaks of rust and the right of way." The conductor is also brakeman, baggage master, mail and express agent and, I think, train dispatcher as wall Trials of the Traveler Who is Com-AT A COUNTRY FLAG STATION.

> Such economically managed lines need but few depots. Sometimes the company sets up an old freight ear on four pieces of underpinning at a point where an office is indispensable and fixes it up into a sort of coop that will hold the agent, a waiting passenger, a trunk or two and a time table. This makes really a much better depot than some of the structures erected at intervals along the West Penn and some other roads leading out of Pittshure, for the accommodities. leading out of Pittsburg for the accommo-dation of straggling country passengers. These substitutes for station buildings, al-though open on three sides and built of rough boards, are just like more pretentious that he must wait listening to the sweet songs of the birds, and in February the shivering unfortunate whose watch is too fast can amuse himself by stamping his feet

The most dismal depot I ever saw was located in the midst of a tamarack swamp in Ohio. It was at a junction, and I had to go there to take a train for some other place. As all trains on the two roads stopped at this junction—Lawson, we'll call it—I ex-pected to find there a town or at least a village of considerable size.

under the open sky, communing with nature. Such folks would be contented anywhere, provided they never had any work to do. But, in my opinion, the man who would rather loaf in a country depot than engage in honest toil has fallen so low that it would be useless to waste tracts, pity To a human being in whose bosom depravity has not totally usurped the place of nanly self-respect there can be no greater punishment than to be obliged to linger at a way station awaiting the arrival of the 11:30 train, which finally gets along, the engine badly out of breath, at 3:40. If there is anything that will make a man feel meanerwhen I say a man I don't mean a loafer-I hope it will remain undiscovered until the end of time. Even the most uncompromising believer in the doctrine of future punishment would certainly become convinced, after a few such waits, that he was a miser-

world, was most severe. GOOD DEPOTS ARE FEW. In this country there are 140,000 miles of railroad and all kinds of depots, including good ones. I am told that there are 79 that answer this latter description, but I cannot youch for the accuracy of the statement. I vouch for the accuracy of the statement. I have never seen over 14 myself, and none of these were located back in the country. A rural depot may be of any style of architecture from a plain boardwalk to a Queen Anne cottage. The reader must distinguish between depot and station. A station is a stopping place and so is a depot. There may be a station where there is no depot, but never a depot without a station, for that would be contrary to the rules of the company. I hope I shall succeed in making myself plain to any Englishman who may chance to read this article. In the States y'know, we have de-pos, day-pos and d'pos—the t's don't count. Byt I intend to confine these lucubrations mainly to depots—

able sinner whose chastisement, even in this

with the D prominent.
Railroads were built before depots. Some Railroads were built before depots. Some railroads that I could specify have been built a good while and the foundations for most of the depots haven't been laid yet. In securing the right of way through the country it is usual for railroad projectors to promise each farmer along the line that there shall be a station on his farm. This either induces the landholder to donate the strip of land that the company desires, or else causes him to make only moderate claims for damages. Few of the stations thus established ever become denots. When thus established ever become depots. When trains begin running they will stop for freight or passengers, if any, where Farmer A's cart road crosses the track and also at the township road which passes through

B's farm. THE FARMER GETS EVEN

This practice is kept up for two or three months, then four-fifths of these supernumerary stations are dropped. Then the farmers perceive that they have been duped, and begin leaving their pasture bars down, so their cows and sheep may be run over and killed. Cruel? Not a bit—speedier way than butchering; and the owners usu-ally get the carcasses and the hides and "compromise" with the railroad company by accepting about three times what the animals would have brought if sold alive. No one learns more quickly to appreciate the advantages of being near a railroad than the farmer.



The Face at the Window.

Through thinly settled regions and in sec tions of the country where pedestrianism is unsafe on account of the abundance of stones, yawning chasms, wildcats, snakes and other destructive agents, narrow gauge railroads are frequently built. These resemble genuine railroads as bridle paths resemble turnpikes. They climb right over hills run down into valleys which are wide. hills, run down into valleys which are wide hills, run down into valleys which are wide and cross on stilts those which are narrow. A narrow gauge railway train will usually stop on any level spot if a farmer or a woodsman signals it. Not many depots are needed, and three will suffice if the road isn't too long, two at the ends and one in the middle. It the road is 48 miles in length and a train starts from the northern terminus at 6 A. M. and dosen't reach the half-

IT IS STUCK SOMEWHERE on the road. They sit up and wait for it until 9 o'clock, then retire to rest. In the morning, if it is still missing, a section boss and another man are sent out with a handcar to hunt up the train. I've been 14 hours in getting 17 miles on one of these railroads, walking the last seven miles, and coming into the town I was in search of 40 minutes ahead of the train. Of course, something was wrong with the track or the machinery. There usually is.

One peculiarity of railroads is this: The farther you get from civilization, and the poorer the equipments, the more high-sounding is the title of the road. If you exsounding is the title of the road. If you examine a railroad gazetteer and chance to strike some such title as the "Pemachoke, Ponticoke, Pelaminoke and Parnassus Railway," you will probably find that the road is 13 miles long and runs from Goose Creek Junction to Brushtown. Very likely the Senegambia, Cincinnati and New York, the Hickstown, Chicago and Western and the Pipeville, Paracelsus and Atlantic are each standard guage roads, equipped with a combination

A VILLAGE OF ONE HOUSE. Such economically managed lines need country depots in one respect—they are hot in summer and cool in winter. In July the sweltering traveler can while away the time to keep warm while hearkening to the voice of the tuneful blizzard.

A DISMAL PROSPECT.

When I got off the cars I discovered that all there was of Lawson was contained in a all there was of Lawson was contained in a box-like wooden structure, one story in height, and perhaps 12x16 feet on the ground, or rather on the posts which kept the village out of the water. Lawson boasted of a store and postoffice, waiting room, baggage, ticket, freight, express and telegraph office, all of which were literally in the same box. There was no other building in sight; I had no reading matter, and my train wasn't due for four hours. Out West I have seen many villages like Law-West I have seen many villages like Law-son, but they usually have a suggestion of civilization, in the shape of a beer saloon, somewhere in their immediate vicinity. In New England the villages were built a cen-tury or two before the railroads, and the two have scarcely anything in common. For example, if your train stops and you get off when the brakeman shouts "South Eldredge," naturally you expect to find yourself at that village. As likely as not, however, you will discover that



A Type of the Western Depot. you are exactly four miles and a quarter from the place, and you must pay the man who drives the mail wagon 50 cents to take

vou over. MISTAKEN FOR TASCOTT.

On one railroad that I have frequently traversed it appeared as it there had been a tacit understanding that each depot should not be less than two or three miles from the town for which it was named. Where there is no estrangement, so to speak, between depot and village, I have witnessed some interesting sights. A beyy of pretty girls, by no means averse to flirting, usually come around to wait for the train. They are not going away, neither are they expecting friends, they are simply there to see and be seen and perchance cheer the lonely traveler by their bright smiles and ceaseless chatter. The last time I waited in a country depot a girl whose face obscured four panes of 7x9 glass came and looked at me through the window exactly 28 times in less than three-

was Tascott or some other celebrity. was fascott or some other celebrity.

Where the station agent fills a half-dozen other positions, such as switchman, postmaster, telegraph operator and town clerk, he usually gets tired and goes home about 9 o'clock at night. If, as is rarely the case, a person comes to the depot to take the 11 P. M. express or the 5:30 A. M. accommodation, he must flag it himself. The flags and lanterns are locked up, of course, but perhaps he can borrow a common lantern and tie a red handkerchief around it. I've seen a train stopped at night by waving a burning newspaper beside the track. I tried that scheme once, but I stopped the wrong train, and it cost me a \$5-bill to make my peace

with the conductor.

ELIAKIM EASTMAN. THE PERSEVERING PEDDLER.

His Numerous Visits Cause a Pittsburg Famlly to Hire Extra Help. "Yes, we keep a girl now-wife couldn't get along without one, peddlers are so numerous this winter," said Hopkings to Hicks. "And what has the number of peddlers to do with your wife's housework?" asked

Hicks. "A great deal. It requires all of one woman's time to answer the door bell. Two manage the things nicely. They take turns a bout, you see. One day wife does the cooking, sweeping, dishwashing, etc., and the girl answers the door bell; next day the girl does wife's work, and vice versa. Get along very well in that way. Before the circle one wife tried the plan of writting to girl came wife tried the plan of omitting to answer the bell whenever she thought peddlers were ringing. Consequence was the minister came twice to call—thought we didn't want to see him-got indignant; wife's aunt from Butler came on a visit and couldn't get in, and my cousin from Milwaukee had to go to a hotel to stop. So we had to get a domestic or else offend all our friends and relations."

our friends and relations."
"Are there really peddlers enough to calle such an annoyance?"
Look here, Hicks, if you doubt my word come up to my house and stay a few hours. It's got to be an exceedingly cold or wet day when you can look out the window and not see a peddler somewhere on our street. I don't know how they all make a living—we never buy anything off them and few of I don't know how they all make a living—
we never buy anything off them and few of
our neighbors ever do—yet they come
around every day just the same. Wife says
there's one peddler who had called at our
house exactly 85 times. He never got a
cent or a kind word, yet he keeps coming.
Talk about perseverance and patience—well
if there a is more persevering and patient
man than the average peddler, I hope he
will keep out of my sight, that's all."

Catarrh Cared. A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, catarrh, vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a recipe which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren st., New York City, will receive the recipe free of charge.

## THE BURIED RIVER;

A ROMANCE OF CALIFORNIA.

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH

JOAQUIN MILLER.

CHAPTER I.

THE CONCAVE WORLD. The following extract from the records of the United States Senate, exact and literal, lies before me under the great seal of the nation. There can be no mistake about it whatever. The Richard M. Johnson referred to was at one time Vice President or the United States. The other party named was a brave and honorable officer of our army, who fought with Scott at Lundy's Lane, and won eminent mention in many battles. He was Washington's Surveyor General of the northwest territory; a man of spotless honor, and the most distinguished member of the family from which descended, on the maternal side, the present Presidentelect of the United States.

It may be mentioned that the same matter can be found in Benton's Abridgement, page171. The writer mentions the last fact so that any one who cares to inquire as to literal truth of what is here set down has

"Mr. Richard M. Johnson, of Kentucky, resented a petition from John Cleves lief of the existence of an inhabited con- some tremendous tidal wave.

the Strait of Carquinas. This Strait of Carquinas, sometimes spelled Carquinees, being a portion of the Bay of San Francisco; or rather it should be, since a part of San Pablo Bay. However, it may be best to explain right here that the Strait of Carquinas, San Pablo Bay, the Bay of San Francisco, Suissun Bay, and even the Golden Gate are all one; all in line with the great muddy and tumultuous Sacramento river, which flows down from the gold mines, over the melting snows of the Sierras, and debauches into the Pacific ocean, with its dusky and turbid waters pointing straight toward the three steep ters pointing straight toward the three steep and stupendous islands of stone, and the 10,000 sea lions that stand in savage and solemn wrath at the Golden Gate. These islands are called "le Farlones;" spelled

Farallones.
As indicated before, this man made no As indicated before, this man made no mention of discovering gold in his dark voyage underground. His book fell at once into disrepute, and was soon forgotten. One statement, however, fastened itself upon the mind of the writer. He claimed to have lived for a whole day and night at, or rather in, the mouth of his buried river, unable to only to turn to the works of Senator Thomas
H. Benton, and verify it all without appealing to the archives of the Senate of the
United States. But here is a copy of the
extract which has just come to hand under
the great seal:

"Senate, March 7, A. D. 1822.

"Mr. Richard M. Johnson, of Kentucky, swallowed, and was finally "vomited out" Symms, of Cincinnati, Ohio, stating his be-bay by the sudden influx and overflow of



cave of this globe; his desire to embark on a voyage of discovery to the Polar regions, and his belief in the great honor to his country of the discoveries he would make."

This of itself and alone is of little weight and consequence. But when you come to read this old soldier's works, and follow the paved way by which he climbed gradually to his conclusions you will not be in haste to dispute the idea which the title of this very prosaic narrative cherishes. I will quote but one paragraph from the published works of the old friend and fellow soldier of

the Conqueror of Mexico. This is it:
"Buried in the bosom of the earth, I heard
her heart beat! Standing there alone in the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, with that dark river laving and lapping my feet, I cried out, 'Whence? Whither? Where do you come from, oh river? And where do you flow?"

Let us not pause to debate, but hasten on with our statements and our story. At the same time it may be suggested that if any man, woman or child cares to answer this uestion of the honest old soldier, has remained unanswered for a solid half century and more, why of course let it be "From whence, oh River? and

Go down into the bosom of the earth, as the old soldier did, stand there in the awful solemnity and silence as he stood, hear the ats of nature as he heard them, feel the dark, deep river slip away to the un-discovered somewhere as he felt it, and then be stupidly stolid if you will. If you can

Snow or sun, fair or foul weather, always came up this one subject around our camp or cabin fires for years and years and years. And why so continually? And why in California so especially?

Let us explain. The gold, the larger half of our hundreds and hundreds of millions at

least, was, from the first, and is even to this day, taken out of the beds of ancient, dried up rivers. Now what dried up those rivers? And where now flow the waters that once filled them? Do not accuse the stout-hearted gold hunter of cultivating an unhealthy imagination when he tells you that there is surely, surely a deeper river-one there is surely, surely a deeper river—one wide, deep river—away down under all these dried up rivers. Do not call him foolish when he explains that this one wide, deep river most certainly must be literally paved with gold! The gold must be there, or the laws of gravitation must be suspended. Yes, you may smile here. Laugh at the old gold hunter if you will. But who knows hetter than he the laws that who knows better than he the laws that govern the lodgments of gold away down in the deeps of the earth? Who knows better than this man, who has grown gray at his work, how deep down in the earth the gold can hide away? Smile at the old gold hunters of the Sierras and myself together, if you will. But the last gold hunter of California will be long in his grave before you can dig up the belief that is in him of his Buried river; and that river's bed a bed

CHAPTER II.

PREFATORY BITS OF HISTORY. As early as 1854 a pamphlet was published in California purporting to come from a man who had made a voyage from the sink of the Humboldt river to the Bay of San Franciseo by sailing under the Sierras. This man was doubtless a liar. He claimed no great was doubtless a liar. He claimed no great discovery further than the fact of having found a way to reach California without climbing over the then almost impassable Sierras. His story was that he had stolen an Indian canoe on the banks of the Humboldt river, a desert region at that day, and keeping the middle of the river, and drifting duly at night in order to escape, he had finally drifted into the heart of the grasslined lake known as the "sink of the Humboldt," and was thence borne on under ground till he came out safe and sound into

Of course, other books have been put forth from time to time on this same subject, but none of them have been so dismally graphic as to fasten on the mind like this morbid first one published. And no longer ago than last year the Christmas story of one of the oldest publications in San Francisco was made up from the account of a man who claimed to have fallen into an air hole of the earth near Yosemite, escaping only

after a long voyage underground.

This latest liar of them all claimed to have found a new race of people on the banks of his buried river. His story was supported by the affidavits of many good people. But the man was perhaps out of his mind. At least he is now, I am credibly informed, in an asylum for the insane.

But let us pass hastily on over all this But let us pass hastily on over all this ground; pausing only to remark, by the way, that all these stories tend only to tell of the continual, yet vague, idea that we have a great underground river here, rather than to give any real evidence of it. And yet what shall we say of the blind fishes that leap into the air up from our artesian wells." The fishes of the Adriatic sea came up to testify for St. Anthony under the heights of San Marion when the records reheights of San Marino, when the people re-fused to hear him. Let us then take these blind little fishes here as witnesses, and de-mand of the doubting Thomas that he shall answer from whence they come, or be at least respectfully silent. One fact further in relation to those fish from the undiscovered world under our feet, and we pass on.

These fish, these blind fish that leap up to do this, I beg you lay this page aside. It the light from newly-opened wells on this, will not please you. It will not even so the western side of the Sierras, and within much as amuse you. much as amuse you.

But if on the contrary you care to ask the long unanswered question, "Whence, oh River? And Whitner?" why follow along a little way. We may find gold.

And this mention of gold brings us at once to the gold mines and the gold miners of California.

Forty years ago the one continual talk

Forty years ago the one continual talk

Forty years ago the one continual talk

The Ruried River.

He was a st hose found in the fathomless lakes on the eastern side of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, 1,000 and 2,000 miles from the ocean. Of this there can be no doubt. They are of the same deep, dark, rich color, the same size and shape; and both examples are absolutely without eyes, or even any sign of place for eyes. And so it surely seems that somehow, by means of lake, sea or river. somehow, by means of lake, sea or river, they must meet and mingle in this dark and

silent under-world. A sight it is to see these glittering little creatures leap into the air and fall, a shower, in the grass round about the newly-bored well: leap and leap again! once! shower, in the grass round about the newly-bored well; leap and leap again! once! twice! thrice! The grass is all alive! Then in a little time they lose all their strength. They lie quite still; die almost instantly; then melt away into nothingness, like ghosts. And you almost doubt your senses; till suddenly up leaps another school of till suddenly up leaps another school of poor, fragile little fishes. Then they, too, melt away into the air, as the water sinks away into the dried earth. But the story that the white seagull has been known to come up through these wells must not be credited.

The writer is a part owner in large estates that lie in what is known as "the artesian that lie in what is known as "the artesian belt." By "artesian belt" is meant the lands that lie above and in the region of what we understand to be the buried river. Boring these wells is tedious and costly work. The little wells of Artesia, France, are merely pools in comparison. The cost here is tremendous. The wells are very deep. The excitement is intense as the long, long task nears completion. The arid world all about for miles and miles is on tiptoe.

At last! 10, 20, 30, 40 feet in the air the

At last! 10, 20, 30, 40 feet in the air the At last! 10, 20, 30, 40 feet in the air the white, foamy water leaps! and leaps! and leaps! Then it falls off, melts away in the hot air; drifts away in the wind, sinks down—up again; high, higher than ever before. The little fishes fill the thirsty cracks of the alkilli earth and die. The water flows on and down by a dusty, thirsty ranch. A farmer is out with a hoe to turn the welcome water into his garden. And now he wants to turn it out. There is too

now he wants to turn it out. There is too much. He drops his hoe and rushes into his adobe hut, and gathers wife and babe to fly to the neighboring hill. And now little black specks, far away in